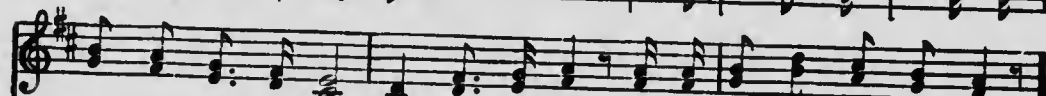


# OLD BLACK JOE.



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I

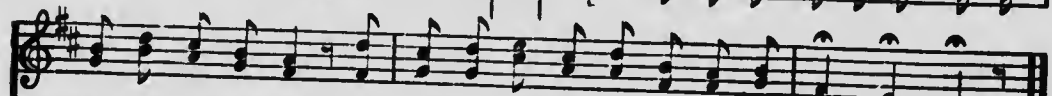


cot-ton fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a let-ter land, I know,  
 friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go,  
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS.

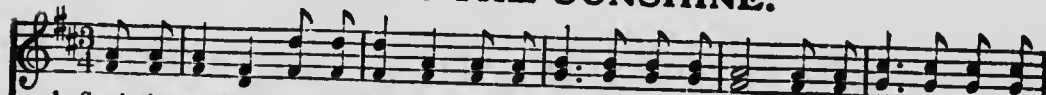


I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my



head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

## CATCH THE SUNSHINE.



1. Catch the sunshine! tho' it flick-ers Thro' a dark and dis-mal cloud, Tho' it falls so faint and  
 2. Catch the sunshine! tho' life's tem-pest May un-furl its chill-ing blast, Catch the lit-tle, hope-ful  
 3. Catch the sunshine! don't be griev-ing O'er that darksome bil-low there! Life's a sea of storm-y



fee-ble On a heart with sor-row bowed. Catch it quick-ly! it is pass-ing, Pass-ing  
 at-rag-gler! storms will not for-ev-er last. Don't give up, and say "for-sak-en!" Don't be  
 bil-lows. We must meet them ev-'ry-where. Pass right thro' them! do not tar-ry, O-ver-